

Rohingya
and other poems

JOURNEYMAN
BOOKS



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For
all world citizens
yet to be born

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My words :
Peace is a Feeling, Peace is a Pact

"Shanti Shanti bolo tari, Shanti holo mon karbari" -

"You call her Peace and Peace, Peace lives in mind's bliss".

This is an authorless saying I heard in my childhood from an itinerant Fakir with matted manes, his fingers relentlessly playing on his one-string musical instrument called *ektara* that resembled the shape of his unwavering physique. He seemed to have thought of him as a cosmic traveler confined to borders of no kind. I did not dare ask his identity, his caste, his belief, his origin, where he was heading to, would he ever stop his walk or song - I was rather right away awestruck listening to his soulful music that seemed to have created a kind of inexplicable saturation of my inner satisfaction, which I still like to relish as a dish of divine peace. Since then I am allured to believe that Peace in an individual mind is essentially a feeling of his/her saturated satisfaction innate to his/her personness, whereas peace in a group consisting of at least two living individuals or more is based on a pact between/among them. Two minimum determinants of this pact are: the rights each of them as equal beings and that each of them is empowered to decide his/her destiny on his/her own. The first is now worldwide acknowledged as human rights and the second is the right to self-rule by an identified community based on

the norms of democratic practices. In fact, these are the least factors that strike a balance of Confucian Li or good conduct, bringing a stable situation in a group or a bigger entity such as nations or international communities. But for these two, peace in a group or across the globe as a whole is a far cry. Today's world is suffering from absolute absence of this desired pact among the communities and nations of the world. The reasons are many, of which the most perilous ones are terrible racism as well as barrier to legitimate flow of human immigrants across man-made borders on an earth of borderlessness created by either Iswar or God or Allah or any other omnipotent creator, or in absence of such a creator the Nature itself.

The most recent occurrence of peacelessness in the Rosang region (now renamed as Rakhaing Province by Myanmar) resulting from an unprecedented genocide on Rohingya people composed of Muslims (majority), Hindu, Buddhist, Kachin etc, whose birth rights are denied by the ruling Myanmar junta for centuries together, is an example to us. We would refer to the issue in line with the findings of Anan Commission, who recommended the award of citizenship and secured life for all Rohingyas living at their legitimate birth-place. In fact, human rights and self-rue are two most instrumental factors for world peace. We would say a few words on this aspect of peace in a borderless world, a dream-destination of all sufi or mystic or poetic or good souls.

Myanmar authority is desperately nonhuman in not awarding citizenship to genuine Rohingyas despite their birth-rights. Disregarding Anan Commission, human rights and voice of world conscience, they are committing genocide on Rohingya children, women and

unarmed innocent people indiscriminately and injudiciously. This cruel mass exodus includes millions of Rohingya Muslims and thousand of Rohingya Buddhists, Hindus and others. The Buddhists and Rakhaings who are peacefully living in Bangladesh for ages together with full and equal status as citizens of this sovereign state have also raised their voice against state mayhem of Myanmar rulers including Nobel Laureate Aung San Suu Kyi. Birth rights, immigration right, right to food, residence and safe living are some of the primary rights, basic to every human child born on any part of the world. Any state must accept any child born anywhere, since a child is an offspring of nature, not of politically defined area. He/she is free to choose and change his/her citizenship, since he/she has no power or design to do harm to others, specially the power-holders. Myanmar rulers and army have argued that they are striking back and retaliating frequent terrorist jangi attacks on them by some defunct Rohingya Muslim terrorists staying inside Rakhaing province. This kind of situation is prevailing in many parts of the world, including Bangladesh, the closest neighbor of Myanmar and Rohingyas. More than ninety percent of Rohingya exodus have entered Bangladesh across Naf river and coastal waters of the Bay of Bengal. A few of them are sailing off to Malayasia, China, Indonesia, Thailand and other neighboring territories. UNO and many more states and agencies are extending their concerted help for millions of Rohingya refugees residing in refuge camps and beyond in greater Chittagong region of Bangladesh. It is to be carefully noted that majority of these refugees are either women or young children, who are in no way terrorist or jangis right now. Why should they suffer for the crime of others? On the other hand, the crime the ruling junta are committing on them will eventually

encourage them to turn into future terrorists able to go for retaliation. It must not be allowed to happen. All children irrespective of caste, creed and belief must be hailed as prospective world citizens, which is why they must be protected, guarded and brought up by all state authorities across the globe.

Myanmar rulers, or any other state authorities anywhere in the world, must stop all devilish designs against all human children. Humans and their Socratic virtues must defeat the nonhumans: their tricks and conspiracies. In the following lines a Rohingya child legitimately claims his rights in a borderless world, the dream-destination of all peace-lovers of this conflicting earth.

This message of justice is central to most of the poems of this anthology. Let me quote for lines below:

I am a Rohingya Child.
My father is Adam Ali,
My mother is Hawabibi,
My name is Habil Mea.
Just after my birth
I smiled
I cried
I floated
I confronted
The Naf sea
In front of me.

The year 2017 made its way with rains and thunder;
The night I was born in Rakhaing province of Myanmar
The communal thugs frantically forced into my home;
They robbed my mother of the hug of my father,
Whom they butchered. Then they threw me to my tomb.

Who the angel who took me to his arms I know not,
Who the deity who saved me on Noa's ark I know not,
I only know that I am on my trips to all the wharfs
Of all the oceans of this endless universe, –
Me as anchorless and orphan as the universe itself.

O the safe and happy and affluent parent
O all the habitats of this affluent earth,
For me, please sing a sacred psalm:

Am I not an endangered one
Like the newborn Jesus in Bethlehem?

(15.09.2017)

The full text of this poem is compiled in this anthology
along with some smaller texts on Rohingya issue.

There are poems on many other contemporary issues
and time tested themes, of course. Most of the pieces are
original or translated texts done by me. A few texts are
translated by other translators like Professor M.
Harunur Rashid, Arunabha Sinha, Helaluddin Ahmed
and others whose names are mentioned at the end of
each text. I am grateful to all of them.

Thanks to poet Tariq Sujat, the publisher of this book,
who repeatedly for this manuscript. I am also
thankful to all my esteemed readers who may agree
to take the trouble of going through my humble lines.

Mohammad Nurul Huda

September 30, 2019

Dhaka

Kilonova

I only side with you, darling; I'm never neutral;
Gold rains from the endless sky; you're gold.
Deep inside gold blooms gold; a gold-lotus;
Love is gold of mind: bottomless, fathomless.

30-31.08.2019

Note : Kilonova is a collision of two neutron stars creating gold.

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